Copuright, 1886,

XV-CONTINUED.

That night we rested at a New-York hotel. The sin still fell in torrents here as it had done at tockside. Before retiring Casimir mai'ed to his unt a letter which was a masterpiece of naturalstic deception. New York, he declared, hal impressed him, during this furious storm as more appallingly ugly than he had ever yet found it. He had conceived an idea of running on to Washington, which he had never seen, and which might prove, now of all other times, a refreshing had induced me to become his com panion. I, Otho, was able to send the pleasant news that matters at my office were in less of a turmoil than we had both anticipated. Of course I had written the usual amorous lament to Miss

ridiculously unable to bid farewell. "But I have written nothing," I said, with a "My pen has refused to shape a sinbeavy sigh.

Gramercy, whom at the last moment I had been

Casimir lifted a sheet of paper from a table pear him. It was covered with characters. "I feared as much," he said. "You have only to

copy that. . . . " The next day we went to Washington. Travel and the complete change of scene belocd to restore both in mind and body. With every day the desire to live and to elude punishment became stronger. I felt both craft and antagonism assert themselves within me. My remorse must be deathless, but life with its incessant sting was now vastly preferable to exp sure, obloquy, and a shameful end. Life, too, with Ada! That would temper every guilty dream, every secret three, every ordeal of suspense, every qualm of disquietude, with a new lenitive element. The sen would never shine again for me as of old, but it would shine on her, and therefore I craved not to be shut from its beams. Then, too, there were other reasons for living, even fighting to live Years might yet be spared to me. What enormity of expiation might I not attain in them! Men had existed before now with skeletons in their closets as bony and grim as mine. They had died at last with the world's respect and honor. I had rare talents, the art of winning esteem and affect tion with ease. Why should I not some day pass from earth with the consciousness that I had offset against one great crime a thousand acts of goodness to my fellowmen?

The political atmosphere of Washington helped to kindle my new hope. Of course I saw nothing of its purely social side, but this one could easily imagine as being vivacious, interesting and unique I forgot my former prejudice against mixing in the politics of my native land. The magnificent marble Capitol, whose faults have been so unjustly exaggerated and whose majesty is beyond dis pute-the Houses of Congress-the stately squares, parks and avenues of this noble city, all won and invited me. What should prevent my shining here as a true statesman at some future time? If corruption reigned in this stronghold of our Republic. so much the better reason why a man of fearless virtue and reformatory purpose should bend his best energies toward ameliorating measures. And why should not I be such a man? All this time I was training and steadying to

meet what I knew must sooner or later arrive-in case detection should not plunze me into open edium and retribution. I watched the daily journals for some news regarding him. Casimir watched them too. Meanwhile I wrote repeatedly to Ada, and received from her the most loving replies. I had grown capable of playing the role which henceforth, at any hazard, I must play with firmness and courage. In a fortnight something like the old relations were reestablished between Cesimir and myself. He ceased to uphold and to fortify me. He saw that I had rallied and meant no surrender. Then, as he thus perceived, he retired once again into his former place of dependence and submission. It was I who now meditated, decided and kept myself in readiness to execute. The feminine part of his nature became reascendant; he looked to me for counsel, not I to him. But for the first time I now discovered the effects of what he had been called upon to under-The wear and tear upon his sensitive soul me; he lost flesh and appetite; he dropped into brooding, dismal, silent moods, from which word of mine would startle him with a smile that was forced and painful. I observed all this with "You are yourself at last!" he said to me, one

"I am so glad, Otho, so glad !"

"And you," I answered, "are losing all the force that once sustained me."

"Oh, never mind that," he said. "As long as I served you with it while it lasted, what matter if it leaves me now?"

I think it was on the following day that I showed bim a paragraph in a certain Washington journal, copied from a New-York one.

He read the lines with intent care. "Well?"

"You see," I said. "He is merely reported to be missing. No one seems to know of the truth. There is not the slightest suggestion of it. The

late of his final appearance in New-York is given, and nothing more. "Ye." said Casimir. "We must go back," I said, after a long rause.

fo remain away longer would be worse than idle. dis. Dorian is still at Rockside. We will join "Join her there?" repeated Casimir, with a

"Yes. Are you unwilling?"

"Unwilling? 1?" he returned, hastily. "Oh, so; far from it. What made you imagine that I "Then we will leave Washington to-night," I

mid.

XVI.

We reached Rockside on the following evening. Mis. Dorian was in an estacy of welcome at our return. She at once noticed Casimir's altered looks, and expressed fears that his trip had been the reverse of beneficial. We were both prepared for some reference to her missing nephew, and before we had been twenty minutes in her company

the reference came.

"My dear boys," she suddenly exclaimed, "have you heard this odd story about Foulke Dorian?" "We read of it in the newspapers," I said. "Is it not mysterious?" she pursuel. "Nearly

three weeks have passed since he was seen." "Who last saw him?" I heard Casimir say, but did not turn my eyes upon his face. The voice with which he put the question seemed even and

tranquil. "A gentleman at his club in New-York," replied Mrs. Dorian. That was about five o'clock on the afternoon of September tenth. This gentleman

exchanged a few words with him before he left the club. He appeared in his usual frame of mind. and said nothing about any contemplated jour-Was he on good terms with his father?" I

"Excellent. The papers declared so, at least

I wrote yesterday to my brother-in-law." "You wrote?" I quickly broke in.

"Yes. It was only dezent, you know. I expressed my warm sympathy, and my hores that unhappy affair would speedily be cleared up. It was a mere bit of ceremony, of course. And yet it was performed in all sincerity. How can one selp being sincere on such a subject? Foulke whatever were his faults, was not a dissipated fellow, and I should not be surprised if it were a case of secret assessination. These horrors are occurring every year in all great cities."

I wanted to test my own aplomb and selfcommand. "His known wealth and his regularity of habits would certainly point to some such ugly explanation," I said. And then I looked fall at Casimir. "Do you not agree with me?" I con-

"Yes," was the reply. "Still, many men have must be that.

disappeared. like this, from wholly opposite causes

"Detectives are at work." resumed Mrs. Dorian, and it is possible that some clue may be found at any hour. Pray beaven that if there has been foul play the miserable, whoever he is, may be

brought to justice!" Did my heart sink or my pulse leap at this? No; I was so thoroughly equipped for it; I had already heard it so often in imagination. Worse would be needed to discompose me, to strike me with the least thrill of real panic. . And how long must I wait before this "worst" might actually occur? Would it occur at all? There lay the most poignant torment of my position. I might bear severe shocks with coolness. But this waiting for the shocks to come-would there not be a slow, inexorable strain in that which no sharp jeopardy or menace could equal? The battle is so slight a thing, with its heat and hurry, beside the silence and uncertainty that precedes it! . . .

I did not see Ada that night. Casimir and I talked in whispers long after Mrs. Dorian had retired. He promised me then that he would go to a certain spot on the shere early to morrow. I did not like his look, his voice, his eye, his paleness, as we separated. This return to Rockside was evidently telling upon him. We must leave the place within a few days at the furthest. Mrs. Dorian was anxious to go; and as for the Gramerceys, she had told me that evening that Ada had formed plans to live modestly in New-York with her father during the remainder of autumn and the coming winter. The Colonel's condition was far from promising, and he had taken a dislike to the cottage, which he declared damp and full of draughts. I am sure that Mrs. Dorian won leved at my not going to Ada before the next day. Her uspicion that some quarred had occurred between us became manifest as the e ening grew late. But a süspicion of this sort was rather desirable than otherwise. To-morrow would dispel it, when she saw my former devotion perjetrated. As it was, I could not go forth into the darkness, even if I took the inlant way toward the cottage. At least for one night I must yield to the horror of thus going, and remain indoors. Hereafter I would conquer it if it still continued. But for this one night-the first I had experienced since the commission of my crime-I dared not, I could not, I

On the next day, in the morning, I saw Ada, She threw her arms about my neck and gave way to a burst of tears as we met. But they were harpy tears. Her love, shown with so sweet an abandon ment, was a surpassing joy to me. It gave me fresh vigor of hope, fresh vitality of defiance against all that the future might hold in store. How could I be really vile when such a love paid me such a greeting? . .

The brief autumn afternoon was nearly spent when I returned to Rockside. Never, since that woeful night, had I felt so brave and calm as now. longed for some stirring development to try me and prove the mettle of my resistance. The love of this pure and adorable woman was something not only to live for, but to breast immense adversity for as well. It should be talismanic with me in the exercise of whatever transcendent tact and cunning events might demand. For, if the truth ever transpired, it could drag her down with myself, in one common calamity. By saving my own life, therefore, I would be saving her happiness. Joy was in that thought, and immeasurable incentive also.

"The days without you dragged so drearily, Otho," she had told me as we sat together. "I think I needed your absence to make me completely conscious of how dear you had become."

Of course we spoke of Foulke Dorian I myelf first referred to him. There seemed a brutal daring in this voluntary mention of the man I had killed, but until I did thus mention him a doubt of my own equipoise had perforce to haunt and dispirit me.

On reaching the house I went straightway in earch of Casimir. I found him in his studio, exted before one of his canvases, brush in hand "You have been painting. Casimir?" I said. He gave me a smile that compared almost spec-

with his smile of the past. "I have been trying to paint," he said. "But somehow I cannot seize this subject with the old power. It evades me. You remember what I wanted to make of it before?" (That pregnant little word, as softly pronounced by him, had a "See-this Magdalen colume of meming for me.)

, she was to have wakened from her first dream of Christ. There was to have been sorrow on he: had been frightful. He was given to nervous face, but a heavenly comfort, too. And now I teizures which he tried in vain to conceal from have put only despair there. Look, Otho, the lips will not curve aright; they are bitter in spite of me. And the eyes-I wanted them to melt in unshed tears, but they are still so hard, so hope-

> He tossed his brush away and rose. As he did so the words of Ada were reuttered within my

"He is a sort of Poe touched with sunshine. And yet, if some great grief or disaster came to him, would not the sunshine die out of all that he did? Might not his work turn grim and even malignt . ."
"Casimir," I exclaimed, going up to him and

grasping his arm, "you must paint no more at present. It will be torture for me to see a genius like yours fail and seem almost to perish, because I (God help me!) have-"

"Hush!" he broke in, with an affrighted start. "What are you saying. Otho? And so loudly, too! Some servant might be passing. And do not imagine it is that! You are wrong, wholly wrong,

"I am right." I answered him. He started again and looked at me fixedly. Then he took both of my hands in his, slowly pressing them. "I will do as you advise," he said, in measured tones, as though convinced by me.

will paint no more for the present. I promise

the shore, Casimir?" He had seated himself again; he was staring down at the carpet; he seemed not to have heard my question, for he neither lifted his eyes nor answered it. I repeated it, and then he met my gaze. His voice, as he now addressed me, was nearly inaudible, and combined with his manner

to betray a vacillation, a nerveless, forceless in security, which I had never till this moment witnessed in him.
"Otho," he faltered, I-I went as far as that dead tree. You know where it stands-just midway between our stretch of shore and that which fronts the cottage. . I-I went as far as that, and then I-I could go no further. A weight came upon my limbs, a freezing sensation filled my

blood-I was a coward, no doubt, but I-I could

not walk one step further! . ." "No matter," I said soothingly. I was standing at his side, and I put my hand on his beautiful, silky blond hair, smoothing it. How strange that I should speak to him in the placid voice then used! Wnat a complete reversing of our previous acts and words! You would have thought that he, not I, had been the wearer of this deadly and baleful yoke. "Never make the effort again." I continued, in the same consoling tones, "if it affects you like this. There is, after all, no need of going to the hateful spot . . no need what-

ever. Five days passed-crisp, brilliant, October days On the shore in front of Rockside there was a cluster of sumacs. I could see them from the piazza, from the windows, from whatever place on the lawns I happened to glance seaward. They seemed to intrude themselves on my vision, to follow me. to whisper "look." They were a vivid red; they had the hue of blood. I never went

rear the shore. I saw Ada constantly. She noticed nothing novel or different from of old in my demeanor. On seeing Casimir she was almost shocked by the change in him. For myself, so relentless was the pressure upon nerves and brain that I often felt s if I were haggard of cheek and hollow of voice. I knew well enough what suspense would do with both visage and conduct if I continued many days longer in this accursed place. But we had already planned an early departure. The Gramerceys were to leave when we did. Mrs. Dorian had begun her

preparations for departure. "Poor Casimir," she said to me, pityingly. "He has contracted some malarial trouble here. It

"Perhaps," I answered.

clammy sweat. Sometimes I lay listening for the sound of footsteps at the door of my bed-chamber after I had thus waked. It seemed to me that I must have shricked wildly in this mockery of slumber, and that all the inmates of the house

frank, sweet, interested way. "There would be something delightfully social, I should think, in your giving Otho a sitting, for example, while Mis. Dorian or myself also occupied the studio." Casimir seemed to muse for a moment. Then he walked rapidly toward a portion of the room

in which my portrait was placed. A decisive change now became apparent in his manner; his native gayety seemed to break from repression. "We will do as you say, Mademoiselle," he exclaimed. "We will do it now."

"Now!" I swiftly retorted. "Yes," said Casimir. In a trice he had placed he canvas upon his casel, which stood near a "I will see what I can do." he bright window. went on "I will see whether I cannot give Otho a sitting to-day."

His demeanor had the buoyancy of formet times. He motioned for me to seat myself, and I did so. Rapidly he mixed a few colors on his palette. Ada sank into a chair at my side. Casimir went to work with apparent zest. The features of the portrait were perfectly limned

the resemblance was already striking. He painted with vigorous strokes for several minutes, after looking at me, and in a way that presently impressed me as wild and unnatural. Suddenly his look changed to one of extreme dismay and agitation. Before I could anticipate the

action he dashed his brush upon the floor and sank into a seat, covering his face with both hands. Ada rose flurriedly. "He is ill." she crick.

I also rose and went toward him. But as I reached his side he uncovered his face. "I cannot paint you!" rang his voice, in shrill,

plaintive tones. Then it sank so that I alone heard it. "You are not the same to me as you were! I see you as I saw you then? I-" The next instant I had placed my hand over his mouth. "Casimir!" I, said.

Ada was observing intently. As his eyes met mine a shiver convulsed him, and he pointed toward the portrait. Then his gaze drooped, and his head also. In another moment, however, he made a quick, violent gesture, such as a man might make who struggles against a swoon, and staggered to his feet.

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," he stammered to Ada in French. "I-I am truly unwell I-I tried to paint Otho, and see what I have done!" He was motioning toward the portrait. But Ada's eyes did not follow the waving of his hand. She was regarding me in evident consternation.

"Why did you try to stop him from speaking Otho?" she questioned. "Why did you put your

hand against his mouth?" I hurried toward her. "Ada, can you ask this?" I said. "Foolish hysteria in a man is not as it is with you women. . . I did not wish Casimir to make himself absurd, ridiculous."

She inclined her head; an expression of sympathy crossed her features. She turned toward the portrait, clearly visible from where she stood. 'Ah!" broke from her lifs. "He has made it different, Otho! It is not you. It is-"

She raused abruptly, for just then Casimir seized a brush, dipped it hastily in some dark paint, and literally slashed it across the canvas. A laugh sounded from him immediately after

"It is a failure!" he cried- "a horrible failure! I will do it again when I-I am in better mood. Then he flung this brush away, as he had done the other, and re-scated himself.

"Did you see it?" murmured Ada, catching my

"Ves " I answered.

"He-he made it so unlike you." she continued. 'He gave the face a horrfole expression. . . What es it mean, Otho?" "It means that Casimir is ill-not himself." I

sponded. "Come." I at once led her from the studio. . . It may have been an hour later when I returned thither. Casimir sat in the same chair, with a dejected attitude. I went up to him and shook him roughly

by the shoulder "What wretched folly is this?" I asked of

He burst into tears. I stood beside him as he wept. Presently he said, looking up at me: "Forgive me, Otho! I-I thought I could paint you as you are. But the shadows gather so thickly, now, whenever I touch brush to canvas

I-I saw you, in spite of myself, as you were I leaned over him and spoke with my lips close at his ear. "Casimir," I said, "you must go from this place. You must go at once." "I-I cannot go without you," he murmured,

weakly. "I cannot be alone. I-I will go when you go-not before." "Be it so," I answered, after a pause. On Monday we will all leave. But until then be guarded. I implore you, Casimir-do you under-

stand ? He sprang to his feet as he spoke the word His eyes flashed, and he gave sign of being his old

"I trust you," I said, grasping his hand. "But beware! Your nerves are unstrung-you are ill -reckless fits like these carry peril-if you think another of them should seize you-" He interrupted me with an almost scoffing toss

of his disengaged hand. "Nothing more will occur." he said. It was merely the painting. I should have kept my promise to you. I broke it, and you saw the result. I will not paint again till you bid me." "Do not," I said

NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1886. -- SIXTEEN PAGES. On the fifth day of this series, while I sat alone in the breakfast room before an untasted meal. terrific . . I would wake from them dripping with baving appeared later there than either Casimir or my guardian, a stern shock came to me. (To be continued.)

THE HUMORS OF KERRY.

From The London Spectator.

after I had thus waked. It seemed to me that I must have shrieked wildly in this mockey of shunber, and that all the inmates of the house had been roused. But worse than such dreams were those of rajture and exquisite peace with Ada as my wife. I would wake from these to the arquish of the actual? And then my dim room, with its familiar appointments, became an abode of misery beyond all that the most antic fantasies of nichimare could make it! Cains with the state of the arquish of the actual? And then most antic fantasies of nichimare could make it! Cains with the water really use?

It was narvelous that I held out physically as I did during these five days, each one divided from the other by a night of horor. Again and acain I saw Casimir furtively watch me, and read in his altered dimmed, businesses eye and can be made at the example of the word of the series—a distressing and borrible thing on the series—a distressing and borrible thing occurred. Though I did not even fancy so then; it was the beal moth the bear, who mit vitally and wretched by concerned.

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MARTIN THE MONK.

"The dim cathedral arches o'er my head.
The fretted aisies where the long shadows play,
Gold-barred by sunbeams, through the summer day;
Why do they seem less calm and sweet?" he said,
Pacing the solemn-sounding nave at will,
Martin the Monk, at Lincoln-on-the-Hill.

"Was it but yesterday I knelf within
My quiet cell, that looks across the hill,
And saw the city, mist-wreathed, hushed, and still,
Nor dreamed at thought that might be called a sin;
For my desire scenned but then to be
Of praising God through all eternity.

"Was it but yesterday I paced so late
The cloister cool, and watched the shadows fall
Upon the moulded stone work of the wall;
When one who came cried: 'At the outer gate
A kinsman, brother Martin, waits for thee,
And prays that thou would'st pass to Galilee.' In the carved perch, the lovely Galilee.

"In the carved porch, the lovely Galilee,
From which a glimpse of roofs and courts is see
Sun-touched, with many a bright-clad form be
I greeted him with gladness, for that he,
My kinsman, brought me from my distant home
Things from lips to me a long time dumb. "He spoke of home, of parents, and the pain That one had borne, of love, and joy, and life, Told of success, of triumph, and of strife; Then turned him to the busy word again. And I, the monk, back to my cell did go, With downcast face, and footsteps sad and slow.

"Ah! what a narrow cell is mine, and bare;
Could I have triumphed in the outer world!
Leved, and the banner of success unfuried!
Is my long life to be one constant prayer.
Bounded by gray cathedral arches stift!"
Sighed the young monk at Lincoln on the Hill.

Lo! as he drew adown the holy chotr.
Where the glad angels wait, upon the wall
Where hung the cruciffs, a ray did fall,
Touching the Saviour with a crown of fire;
And Martin, seeing this, was fain to kneel,
For that his soul a reverent awe did feel.

"Martin! I bore upon the cross for thee Loneliness, pain, and sorrow, and wilt thou Forsake me—shrinking from thy burden now! Martin, canst thou not bear thy cross for me!" And Martin, kneeling, saw that gracious head, Thorn-crowned and weary, and with tears he said:

"Lord! I will follow thee! my cross is light,
My heart is thine!" and with these words the ray
Slipped from the wall; and Martin passed away
Back to his cell; and from that summer night
No man sang praise to God with lustier will
Than Martin, monk, at Lincoln-on-the-Hill.

A BALLAD OF BURLESQUES.

From The Pull Mall Gazette. "Ma. Irving was perfectly aware of the points of resemblance referred to, but it never occurred to him to resenthem." -[Mr. Wilson Barrett's letter to the New-York papers

Dead of night in Union Square, Just an hour before the day:
Thro' the white electric glare
Dissipated shadows play.
Shadows, yes—but what are they—
Phantom forms of mournful mien 1
Are they cloud, or are they clay.
Those pale faces shaven clean i

Slow they march in Indian file.

Hark! They speak—strange accents come, Murmaring in a monotone—Mixture of a muffled drum And a faint asthmatic grown:
"Praises to one man alone,
Lord of every took and limb!
Irving marks us for his own—
We so much resemble him!"

Rises now a bitter ery;
"Master I have long revered,
Hear your only double sigh,
Faithful Hudson, wan and weird!
Critics here have raged and jeered,
Called my homage gross burlesque;
O, my soul is sad and seared,
Martyred to the picturesque!"

Then this wail: "But of your spell Have I not the largest share! Heed not Henley and Odell. They are but an aping pair: Gray as yours my tragic hair, Yet I do not get my due— Master, had the fates been fair, Irving would have been Bellew!"

o Aping, quotha! Ribald spark, With Odell's to match your claim! I have most of Irving's mark, And our minds are just the same; Yet there's neither cash nor fame, Tho I'm always lean and grim! Friends, is this a paying game, This so much rescmbling him!

"* Paying!" cries another voice,
"I have passed for him for years,
And if people made a choice,
Flockton would get all the cheers!
You can well endure some sneers
When the dollars you can scoopPut your posters round the spheres,
Call yourself the LEVING TROUPE!"

See—they start with win griting Can it be that spirits quake At that form of chiselled grace, And that wig of classic make I "Boys," he cries, "you ain't awa Tho' it's time that you should kno My Adonis takes the cake— Guess I boss this Irving show!".

See-they start with wild grimace!

Still they stare, bereft of speech.
While he laughs with mocking glee,
Then with one despairing screech,
Turn their faces to the sea;
"Bully boys, good-bye," says he;
"Tell Mephisto in the Strand He is imitating me, Till we meet in Dixey's Land."

A PRINCE TURNED WAITER.

From The Pall Mail Gazette.

Another royal victim of the vicissitudes of fortune is now occupying the gossips of Milan. His story runs thus: Leon de Larignano, Prince of Koricoza, descendant of the kings of Armenia, died in Italy in the year 1876. Up to 1850 he served in the French army and was wounded at 80iferino. Napoleon the Third gave him a pension which enabled him to live comfortably. The pension was paid regularly for ten years. At that time he was living with a Milanese beauty by whom he had several children, whom he legally recognized, but he would never consent to marry the mother. In 1870, his pension being stopped, the Prince sold his house, and ultimately fell into the most abject poverty, when he died.

Three of his children, a girl and two boys, survived and were brought up in a public asylum. The daughter became servant to the Bishop of Bergamo, but as she would not abjure her Greek faith his emitmene dismissed her. The cldest son, who bears the title of his father, married a peasant girl, and is now serving as a waiter in one of the cafes in Milan.

AT THE WARD-ROOM TABLE.

STORIES AND SONGS OF THE SEA.

HOW THE AFTER-DINNER HOUR IS PASSED ON THE RECEIVING-SHIP. The cold winds howled around the old receivingship, and the waters of the dark river rocked it against the shore spars until it groaned at its moorings like a human thing in pain. Without all was

night and darkness, but within all was warmth and light, story and song. It was the after-dinner hour in the ward-room, and the gold lace on the uniforms of the officers glittered in the lamplight. THE PHANTOM PLEET.

"Did you ever see a phantom ship?" said one officer.

"Frequently," replied the Captain of the Marines. 'I sailed a cruise aboard the Flying Dutch nan and am on intimate terms with all the phantom skippers affoat. I have also seen the sea-serpent. He has two eyes, a green one on the starboard side and a red one on the port. That is to avoid collision, you

"Joke all you want to," replied a lieutenant. "I have been frightened out of my wits more than once by seeing what I thought for the moment was a phantom ship. Some of the merchant vesels are very careless about their lights and it is certainly startling in a dark night to see a great white pile of canvas suddenly loom up close aboard and then disappear without a sign or sound. All man who follow the sea are more or less superstitions; none more so than the fishermen of the Grand Banks, who spend all their lives amid the fogs and storms of the North Atlantic.

"One superstition which is firmly believed along the coast of the Maritime Provinces is that of the phantom fleet of St. Mary's Bay, a wild and rockbound in et on the coast of Newfoundland. In August, 1862, a terrible sform swept over the Newfoundland coast and the homeward-bound fishing fleet, 100 vessels in all, put into St. Mary's Bay for shelter. There every one of them went down, and now when the fog is thick and the storms are high over St. Mary's Bay the fishermen believe that a ghostly fleet sails there-the phantoms of the lost vessels. I have seen fishermen ready to swear that when seeking shelter in the bay they have seen through the fog and storm that unearthly fleet sweep by and have heard the shouts of men whose bones for years have been the sport of the icy

waves that break on that storm-bound coast." "Great Scott," said the dreamy Lieutenant, " such stories make me have cold shivers down my back and are not appropriate to this season of the year. Boy, bring me another cap of coffee and have it hot-also a cigar. . . . There, I am more cheerful no w and, to relieve the general gloom, will sing you that cheerful shanty which Stevenson uses in his story of 'Treasure Island.'

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest.
Yo ho! and a bottle of rum.
Drink and the devil had done for the rest.
Yo ho! and a bottle of rum."
TWO PET PIGS.

There was a general chorus of disapproval at what one of the officers called such a "joily ghostly" song and the dreamy Lieutenaut relapsed into silence and gazed meditatively at the beams above his head, toward which the blue smoke from

his eigar was curling. "Let me tell you a simple story of the sea, which shall not be ghostly, although it ends in a tragedy," said a young officer who had dropped in on the mess from one of the other ships at the Yard. "This is about a pet pig named Denais, which we had on the ship to which I was recently attached. Dennis belonged to the steerage mess, but was so Deams belonged to the steerage ness, but was so intelligent and the sailors took such a fancy to him that the edible purposes for which he was originally brought on board were given up and he was presented to the men for a pet. The men made him a suit of sailor clothes and he used to come aft to quarters every moraing with them on. He never would come aft unless he was in uniform. Every Sunday he would sit on a little bench that the sailors made for him and smoke a pipe. Dennis would hold the pipe, previously lighted by one of the men, in his mouth until the smoke ceased to rise from it, and then he would give a grant, signifying that he wanted it puffed up again; a wish which one of the men always stood by to gratify. We had other pigs outside in a pen on the forecastle, and one day the Chinese steward was sent forward to kill the largest one. He saw Dennis roaming around, and before his hand could be stayed he had cut his throat. There was almost a mutuay among the men, and they wanted to serve the Chinese steward in the same way that he had served Dennis. We offered them Dennis to eat, but they would not think of such a thing. We offered them another pig as a pet, but they said no; they wanted Dennis. We had Dennis roasted and ate him in the steerage, but I believe no one ever ate roast rig with less reliab."

"That reminds me," said another officer, "of a intelligent and the sailors took such a fancy to him

she was flagship of the China Station and not considered a bad vessel. You remember that pig-ou English song which was composed by one of her

crew, and which is now so well known in the Navy: "Seated one day in the shop,
Come shore, come shore,
Heart a big ship make gans pop, pop,
Makee plenty money for me,
Hi va for the Mellican ship,
Makee plenty money for ine,
Catchee twenty dollar all day long
On the war junk Tennessee."

All the officers saug the chorus to this song, which floating out into the night, might have been heard "on the war junk Tennessee heaselt," for the old flagship was moored near by in an outnous proximity to "Rotten Row,"

A GALLANT RESCUE. "What a wild night:" said one of the officers as the song ceased and the noise of the wind sweeping by the old ship was heard. "It reminds me of one when I was crossing the North Atlantic on the Alert. Late in the afternoon we sighted a vessel showing signals of dis-tress. We bore down on her, and she tress. We bore down on her, and she proved to be a Norwegian bark, laden with lumber, waterlogged and fast going to pieces.

It was blowing a gale and a tremendous sea was running. The first boat we attempted to lower to go to the assistance of the people on the bark was stove. The second got off all right, but had a hard time in reaching the wreek. It brought back all except three of those on board the bark. It was bitterly cold and was growing dark. The wind and sea were increasing every minate in fury. The captain called for volunteers to man another boat to bring off the three men left on the wreek. Immediately every man and officer rushed for the boats and the captain had to exert his authority to the utmost to keep them from lowering away. Then he selected one of the most experienced officers and a crew of the best and most stalwart sailors and sent them off. Before they reached the wreck darkness hid them from our sight, I cannot tell you how long and anxiously we waited in the howing storm for that boat's return. Finally—it seemed years to us—we heard a shout and saw the boat close aboard. It was with great difficulty that we got them aboard, but we did it and every man on the bark was saved."

"Ah, well," said the Paymaster, "they that go down to sea in ships—you know the rest. Doctor, the piano is waiting for you." And while the Doctor played the accompaniment, they sang of how—
"It offtimes has been told that the British Seamen bold lumber, waterlogged and fast going to pieces.

"Hofttimes has been told that the British Seamen bold Could lick the tars of France so near and handy oh! But they never found their match till the Yankees itd Oh the Yankes boys for fighting are the dandy oh!

WOMEN AS ARCHITECTS.

Mr. C. Harrison Townsend in The Pull Mail Gazette.

'It has of iste been largely agreed that there are many flexis of work, hitherto complaceatly occupied by men only, which there is every reason to suppose could be as worthily filled by women. In mating fresh suggestions in this sense, I would say that my remarks have more direct reference to the girl and the young woman of the middle class than to those of the artisan class. What really valid objection is there to asking her to become a "dranghtswoman," and in due course an architect! Surely an occupation such as the preparation of architectural drawings, requiring neatness and calcady of touch, attention to detail, patience, and care, is one which would seem at first blosh more likely to find its preficious among women than men. Let us, then, look into the course of training that prevails, and see lift offers any considerable part to the adoption by women of architecture as a profession. In brief, the routine is as follows. A youth on leaving school with an aptimate—more or less—for the profession is articled as pupil for four or five years to an architection whom he pays a premium. This is, of course, in proportion to the position and require of the architect in question, but may be stated at from a hunared pounds to four or five times that amount. As with solicitors, so smeag architects,

the pupil is supposed by having "the run of the acquire an intinate knowledge of its wor draughtsmenship, knowledge of material and elsowhere. At the end of his articles he is to dub himself a junior draughtsman," in when he claims as salary from a pound to two pounds A couple of yeak should then see him a draw proper, and in a nosition to obtain the claims as the fortunate enough to act, the looky pupil can so list own account homediately his articles are con in this rostine which i have briefly sketched only two objections that stand in the way of its by women. Against the first, which is the rolling of the sexes, caused by the admission of year of an ordinary office staff, we can adduce experience. Here they are frequently employed writers and so on. But even should conservative or solution of the difficulty. The second objects difficulty women would experience as reginspection of briddings and the necessary most the scaffolding for that purpose. While remin objector that women-elecorators have be it is work for days on scaffolds, and that there are as "divided skirts," I would say that I am nor larly suggesting that women's work," and once should be "drawing board work," as once should be "drawing board work," and mental and other detail drawings, competing plans, schemes of color decoration, and per drawings. The simpler department of tracing. mental and other detail drawings, conjecture plans, schemes of color decoration, and perspectrawings. The simpler department of tracing has, it told, been tried, and with some success, by the Lat Tracing Office in Westminster; and other indias, best the Misses Garrett, have taken up decoration work a certain amount of architectura connected with it, plot is for a further advance on the part of women in territory of which there is no reason that man above my the whote.

A HEN THAT STEALS CHICKENS.

the well-known poultry fancier of this city, has a peculiar

hen of the Plymouth Rock variety. She hatched out a

brood of eleven chickens last May, and when the chickens

AND A ROOSTER THAT PERFORMS LOTS OF TRICKS. SCRANTON, Penn., Nov. 27.-Druggist John H. Phelps,

were about two weeks old, another hea of the Black Ham-burg variety came off with a brood of thirteen. The two mother hens and their little ones scratched, roamed and were fed in the same yard together for two or three days, when the Plymouth Rock hen coaxed the hen's chickens to join her other and drove the Black Hamburg mother away. For a time the latter hen tried to get her own downg youngsters to follow her again, but every time she tried, the Plymouth Rock mother spunked up to her and fought her from the yard, making a great fuss over the dot brood when she returned to them victorious. in a few days the Hamburg abandoned the notion of trying to coax her own progeny to return to her, and joined the other hens. In less than a fortuight after that Mr. Phelps had another hen hatch out nine chickens. She had not been in the yard many hours with her broad when the Plymouth Rock hen began to try to steal her little family away from her in the same manner as she had stolen that of the Hamburg mother. The hen with the new brood did her best to keep her little flock under her own motherly care and watehfulness, but it was uphill work and she had to give up the job before the end of the week. She had several lively battles with the greely Plymouth Rock hen, but the latter hen invariably came out victorious, and with a broken heart the other hen finally left her little ones to the tender mercies of the Plymouth Rock and mingled again with the general flock. Long before this the Plymouth Rock hen's singular conduct in gathering about her so numerous a family of va-rious sizes and ages had attracted Mr. Fhelps's attention, and he became so deeply interested in her re-markable manta that he resolved to let her have her own way. About the middle June another of Mr. Phelps's hens came of her nest with eleven plump chicks. No sooner were the newcomers skipping about the yard in search of insects than the old Plymouth Rock hussy began to practise her winning tricks upon them. She was as pugnacious as an English sparrow whenever their own to to gather them around her, but the latter hen was not a fighter, and one good licking forced her to give up the position of motherhood and leave her little family to be taken care of by the curious old Plymouth Rock mother, who had by that time become something like the "old woman who lived in her shoe." Unlike the old woman, the old hen had not yet got so many children " she didn's know what to do," for not long after that she inveighed another brood of innocents into her numerous household and drove their mother away. Before the middle of the summer the seitish old hen bud sixty chickens following her about the yard, and the sight of the varioussized youngsters in her numerous family was an amusing one. At night the hen spread out her wings and covered as many of the smallest chickens as could get under them, the largest ones remaining on the outside of the circle She began to lay before she stole the last brood, and she

men always stood by to gratify. We had other pigs outside in a pen on the forecastle, and one day the Chinese steward was sent forward to kill the largest one. He saw Deunis roaming around, and before his hand could be stayed he had cut his throat. There was almost a mutuay among the men, and they wanted to serve the Chinese steward in the same way that he had served Deunis. We offered them Denais to eat, but they would not think of such a thing. We offered them another pig as a per, but they said no; they wanted Dennis. We had Dennis roasted and atc him in the steerage, but I believe no one over alto roast pig with less relish."

"That reminds me," said another officer, "of a pet pig we had on board a ship I was on once. Our pig used to come to quarters every morning tike plows. Once the Captam, with an eye for decorative art, painted the hammock rails a bright yellow, and, there being no quarter gallores, he painted some on. He was immensely satisfied with the general effect when the work was done. The next morning when our pig came trotting aft to quarters he had a light yellow streak painted along either side of his body, and a painted quarter salery one look, gave the order "pipe down," and disappeared in his cabin."

Conversation now drifted to the ships of the Navy and one said: "I wonder how long the Tennessee will hold tozether. It is not so very long ago that she was flagship of the China Station and not considered a had years! Ven remembers the waste on the rooter's little bead. The rooter strick as him, but it was that the proter how disagrees he the ortel. So was flagship of the China Station and not considered a had years! Ven remembers he wasted have wanted to see the ortel. So wend the wasted has succeptible of the control of the him run around the market and out on the struck on the learner of the market, and he was even brave and one leg, not him head unter amusing things. In a little while he got so that he was even brave and one leg, not him head unter amusing things. In a little while he go

crotch of a big willow tree that stands near the house, No matter how disagreeable the weather is, see files to the top of the fence, and from thence into the crotch, whenever she wants to lay. She wanted to see last summer, and because she couldn't do so in the critch of the tree she wouldn't set at all. Another farmer a the same township has a hen that insists on laying he egg in the woodbox. When the kitchen door is closed, she likes upon the window still and makes a great fuss an it the door is opened, when she goes directly to the we door, deposits her egg, and then walks out of the room, cachling on the way.

HOW WESTERN WOMEN WORK AND VOLE

Fort Keogh Letter to The Philadetp As 2000 VOLC.

In all political canvasses out this way, vean estimating the number of votes which may be counted upon at the polity, the votes of women are noted, recognized and sought in every way. The polity is which every votes between twenty-one and fifty is obliged to par, whether male or female, is specially forschool purposes. As one of the girls puts it: 'One of the principles for which the Revolutionary War was fought was that taxtion should have representation; and the justice of the principle is as unquestioned to-day as it was 100 years ago.'

As farmers, the ladies are also entitled to the cake, Woman has been typified as a tender vine clinging to the sturdy oak, which is supposed to be enablematic of a strong man. Out here in the free Northwest it is quite the reverse, and every day one can see or hear of examples where the gentier sex prove a supporting oak to the weak tendril, man. A well-known maried woman a little west of here, whose husband has been absent nine months out of the twelve looking after horses and rounding up cattle, during the past spring and summer did all alone and unaided her own ploughing. When ploughing time came this enterprising mother constructed a box on the ploughed the furrows. She her baby, and thus she ploughed the furrows. She then proceeded to harrow, plant and cultivate, and in this way produced a fine crop, which she harvested and packed away by the time the old man came home. This is only one example out of a hundred. Some of the girls in Dakota and Montana have taken to editing newspapers. As a rule, the papers edited by the Territorial girls are a credit to journalism. Miss M. S. Mills has, besidies getting out on time the weekly edition of The Haneley star, proved upon a pre-emption, planted the largest calbage in the county. Her turnips look like veritable cart wheels, and took the first prize at the agricultural fair. This damed now has the modest lump of 450 aeres in the own right.

The solution of the woman problem seem

mination that they fied from the field and left the brave woman in absolute possession. Two of the calves died from their injuries that night, and the other one-was liter-ally torn to pieces. When it is considered that hunter and cowboys, well armed, sometimes hesitate to attack the feroclous gray woif on the prairie, it is all the more as-tonishing to think that one woman, alone and unarmed, would dare to attack and do up two such monsters in such a brilliant style as Mrs. Evans handled her brace of gray customore.